A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Captain O'Hara and his wife were not unhappy, in spite of their precarious fortunes, It was summer, and the scent of the lime-blossom was in the air of the park and the boulevards; the lamplit streets and cafes were full of brightness and music in the balmy eventides of July. The young wife was looking forward tremblingly, yet hopefully, to the cares and joys of maternity. The dark-eyed stepdaughter adored her. Too young to remember her own mother, who had died in Bengal, where the girl was born, the child idolised the Captain's fair-haired wife and was fondly loved by her in return. Never was there a happier family group than these three, and when the expected baby should come, it was to be a boy, the Captain declared in the pride of his heart; a son and heir—heir to empty pockets, wasted opportunities, bankruptcy, and gaol. He was pining for a son to perpetuate the noble race of O'Hara. The baby was to be christened Patrick, after some famous Patrick O'Hara of days gone by, the age of war and chivalry, and poetry and pride, when Ireland had not yet yielded her sweetness to the proud invader.

Alas for the unborn child on whom such hopes had been founded, such dreams had been dreamt! The fatal day of birth came, and the child was a girl; and before the wailing infant was six days old the young fair mother, with the rippling golden hair and innocent blue eyes, was lying in her coffin, strewn with white lilies and roses, and all the purest flowers of summer-tide. The brave young heart, which had never flinched or faltered at poverty or trouble, was stilled for ever. The wife who had been content to bear Fate's worst ills with the husband of her choice was gone to the shadowy home where his love could not follow her.

Captain O'Hara never looked the world or his difficulties bravely in the face after that day. He lived to see Kathleen a lovely girl of five years old, but he was a broken man from the day of his wife's death. He roamed from foreign town to town, living anywhere for convenience or cheapness. He spent six months at Brest, a year in Jersey, the two girls with him everywhere, nursed and cared for by Bridget Ryan, the faithful Irish maid-servant who had taken Rose from the arms of her Indian ayah, and had followed the Captain's fortunes ever since. He led a wretched out-at-elbows life, getting a little money by hook or by crook, and leaving a little train of debts behind him, like the trail of the serpent, in every town he left.

In Jersey, where cognac was conveniently cheap, the Captain took to drinking a good deal—not in dreadful drinking bouts, which would have frightened his poor children out of their senses, but in a gentle homœopathic sort of sottishness which kept his brain in a feeble state all day long, and gradually sapped his strength and his manhood. While the Captain was dawdling away his day—strolling down to the tavern or the club, lounging on the esplanade, gossipping with the goers and comers, meeting old acquaintance, and sometimes getting an invitation to dinner, with a cigarette always between his lips—the two children, of whom the elder was not eleven, and the younger only four, used to play together all day upon the golden sands in front of their shabby lodgings, while the Irish nurse gossipped with the landlady, or sat in the sun darning and patching the children's well-worn frocks or the Captain's decaying shirts.

The two girls were happy in those sunny summer days by the sea, in spite of their poor lodgings and scanty fare. Fruit was cheap, and flowers were abundant everywhere, and there was no stint of bread and butter, and milk and eggs. The children wanted nothing better. But it was a dismal change for them when their father carried them back to Belgium, and established them in a stony street in Bruges, where the peaked roofs of the opposite houses seemed to shut out the sun, and where, instead of the sweet odors of sea and seaweed, there was an everlasting stench of dried fish and sewage.

It was winter by this time, and it seemed to be the winter of their lives. Kathleen cried for the sea and the flowers of sunny Jersey. She could hardly be made to understand that summer was only a happy interval in the year, and that flowers do not grow in the stony streets of a city. The days in Bruges were cold and dismal, the evenings long and gloomy. If it had not been for Biddy Ryan the poor children might have pined to death in their solitude. Captain O'Hara was never at home in the evening, rarely at home in the afternoon, and he never left his bed till the carillon at the cathedral had played that lovely melody of Beethoven's, 'Hope told a flattering tale,' which the bells rang out every day at noontide. The Captain found the cafe indispensable to his comfort, the *petit verre d'absinthe suisse* a necessity of his being, a game at dominoes or draughts the only distraction for the canker at his heart; thus the children, whom he loved fondly enough after his manner, were dependent on Biddy Ryan for happiness; and the faithful soul did her utmost to cheer and amuse them in their loneliness. She told them her fairy stories, the legends of her native Kerry; she described the green hills and purple mountains, the lakes, the glens and gorges, the islands and groves and abbeys, of that romantic country; until Rose, who had seen but little of the grandeur and glory of earth, longed with a passionate longing for that land of lake and mountain, which was in somewise her own land, inasmuch as her father had been born and bred within a few miles of Killarney.

"And ye'll both go there some day, my darlints," said tender-hearted Biddy, "and it's ladies ye'll be, and never a poor day ye'll know in ould Ireland; for by the Lord's grace the Captain's rich cousins may all die off like ratten sheep, and his honor may come in for the estate? There's quarer things have happened than that in my knowledge, and sure it's great hunters the gentleman are, and may ride home with broken necks any day."

Rose said she hoped her cousins would not die; but she wished they would ask her father and all of them to go and live at the great white house near the lakes, which Biddy described as a grander palace than the king's chateau at Laeken, which she and Rose had been taken to see one day with the Captain and his young wife, before Kathleen's birth.

The children were never tired of hearing Biddy talk of the lakes and mountains, the Druids' Circle, MacGillycuddy's Reeks, and the great house in which their father was born. It was their ideal of paradise, a home where sorrow or care could never enter, gardens always full of flowers, a land of everlasting summer, woods and glens peopled with fairies, skies without a cloud, gladness without alloy.

One gray hopeless afternoon, when there had not been a rift in the slate-colored sky since daybreak, Kathleen suddenly turned from the window, against which she had been flattening her pretty little nose, in the hopeless attempt to find amusement in looking into the empty street, and asked.

"Does it ever rain in Ireland, Biddy?"

"Yes, love, it does rain sometimes; and sure, darlint, that's why the hills and the valleys are so soft and green. You wouldn't have it always dhry; the flowers wouldn't grow without any rain."

"Must there be rain?" inquired Kathleen simply. "Papa says I mustn't cry. Why should the sky cry? The sky is good, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear; it is God's sky."

"But papa says it's naughty to cry."

The time came only too soon when very real tears, tears of passionate grief and wild despair, were shed in that dingy Belgian lodging; and when the two children and their faithful servant found themselves alone in the bleak strange world, face to face with starvation.

The Captain caught cold one bitter February night, coming home, in the teeth of the east wind, from his favorite cafe; and although devotedly nursed by Biddy and Rose, who was sensible and womanly beyond her years, the cold developed into acute bronchitis, under which James O'Hara succumbed, a few days after his thirty-seventh birthday, leaving his children penniless and alone in the world. There were only a few francs in the Captain's purse at the time of his death; for the short sharp illness had been expensive, albeit the English doctor, a retired navy surgeon, had been most modest in his charges. The Captain's watch and signet-ring were pledged to pay for the funeral; and while the coffin was being carried to the cemetery, a letter, ill-spelt and ill-written, but full of tender womanly feeling, was on its way to the wealthy Miss Fitzpatrick of Bath, pleading for her orphaned great-niece Kathleen, and Kathleen's penniless step-sister.

Miss Fitzpatrick of Bath was a staunch Roman Catholic, and a conscientious woman; but she was not a warm-hearted woman, and she was not deeply moved by the thought of the Captain's untimely death, or of his desolate children. She had been very angry with him for running away with her niece, who was also her companion and slave; and she had never left off being angry; yet she had given him money from time to time, considering it her duty, as a rich woman, to help her poor relations. And now she was not inclined to ignore that duty, or deny the orphans' claim.

She went over to Bruges, saw the children, and in Kathleen beheld the image of her own dead sister's little girl as she had first seen her twenty years ago, when the orphan was sent to her rich aunt, as the legacy of a dying sister, the sole issue of a foolish marriage. And behold, here was another golden-haired child, sole issue of another foolish marriage, looking up at Theresa Fitzpatrick with just the same heaven-blue eyes, and the same scared shrinking look, as doubting whether to find a friend or a foe in the richly-clad stately dame.

If Miss Fitzpatrick had been of the melting mood, she would assuredly have taken the child to her heart and her home, and the child's dark-eyed, frank-browed, lovable stepsister with her. There was ample room for both girls, in the big handsome house at Bath—empty rooms which no one ever visited save the housemaid with her brooms and brushes; luxuriously-furnished rooms, swept and garnished, and kept in spotless order for nobody.

Although there was ample room in Miss Fitzpatrick's house, there was no room in Miss Fitzpatrick's heart for two orphans.

"I shall do my duty to you, my dears," she said, "and I shall make no distinctions, although you, Rose, are no relation of mine, and have no claim upon me."

"You won't take Rose away?" cried Kathleen, pale with terror, the blue eyes filling with tears.

"No, my dear, I shall not separate you while you are so young," answered Miss Fitzpatrick, complacently settling herself in her sable-bordered mantle. "By and by, when you are young women, you will have to make your way in the world, and then you may be parted. But for the next few years you shall be together. How have they been educated?" she asked, appealing to Biddy, who stood by, curtsying every time the lady looked her way.

"Sure, ma'am, my lady, the Captain was very careful with them; he'd never have let the dear childer out of his sight, only he wanted a little gentlemen's society now and then, blessed soul, and he liked to spend half an hour or so at a caffy. But many's the day I've heard um reading poethry to the two childer, beautiful—Hamlick and the Ghost, and King Leerd, and Lilly O'Rourke. There never was a better father, if the Lord had been pleased to spare him," concluded Biddy, with her apron at her eyes.

"My good woman, you do not understand my question," said Miss Fitzpatrick impatiently. "I want to know what these children have been taught. I begin to fear they have been sorely neglected by that foolish man. Can they read and write and cipher?"

Biddy, hard pushed, was fain to confess that Kathleen did not even know her letters, and that Rose was very backward with her pen, though she could read beautifully.

"I thought as much" said Miss Fitzpatrick. "And now, Bridget Ryan, I'll tell you what I mean to do; you seem to have been a faithful servant, so, I shall not allow you to be a loser by Captain O'Hara's death. I shall pay you your wages in full, and send you home to Ireland."

"With the young ladies?" asked Biddy, beaming.

"What should the young ladies do in Ireland?" exclaimed Miss Fitzpatrick; "they haven't a friend in that wretched country. No, you can go back to your home, for I suppose you have some kind of home to go to. But I shall place the two young ladies in a convent I have been told about, three miles from this city, where they will be carefully educated and kindly looked after by the good nuns. I shall pay for their schooling and provide their wardrobes till they are grown up; but when they come to nineteen or twenty, they will have to earn their own living. The better they are educated the easier they will find it to earn their bread."

Biddy could but confess that Miss Fitzpatrick, upon whom the elder sister had no shadow of claim, was acting very generously; yet she was in despair at the thought of being separated from the children she had nursed, and who were to her as her own flesh and blood. If Miss Fitzpatrick had sent them all three to Ireland, and given her a cottage, a potato-field, and a pig, she felt she could have worked for the two children, and brought them up in comfort, and been as happy as the days were long. They would have run about the fields barefoot, and with wild uncovered hair, and made a friend and companion of the pig, but they would have grown up strong and beautiful in that free life; and it seemed to her that such a life would be ever so much happier for them than the enclosed convent in the flat arid country outside Bruges, the grim white house within high walls, the tall slated roof of which she and her charges had seen one day in their afternoon walk.

She accepted her wages from Miss Fitzpatrick, but she declined the fare home to Ireland.

"It may be long days before I see that blessed country," she said, "for, with all submission to your ladyship, I shall try to get a place in Bruges, so that I may be near these darling childer, and gladden my eyes with the sight of them now and then, as the good nuns give lave."

Miss Fitzpatrick had no objection to this plan. She was a good woman according to her lights, but as hard as a stone. She wanted to do her duty in a prompt and business-like manner, and to provide for these orphans; not because she cared a straw for them, but because they were orphans, and to feed the widow and the orphan is the business of a good Catholic.

She put the two girls into a fly next morning, after spending an uncomfortable night at the best hotel in Bruges, where the foreign arrangements and the all-pervading odors afflicted her sorely, and drove straight off to the Sisters of Sainte Marie.

Here, in a rambling chilly-looking house with large white-washed carpetless rooms, and corridors smelling of plaster, Miss Fitzpatrick handed the orphans over to the Reverend Mother, a stout comfortable-looking Belgian, who, for a payment in all of ninety pounds a year, was to lodge, feed, clothe, and educate the two children from January to December. There were to be no vacations—the school year was to be really a year. Children who had parents might go home for a summer holiday; but for these orphans the white-walled convent in its flat sandy garden was to be the only home.

And now there began for those orphan sisters a new life—very strange, very cold and formal, after the life they had led with the careless yet loving father and the devoted nurse. It was a life of rule and routine, of work and deprivation. The convent school was a cheap school, and though the Sisters were conscientious in their dealings with their pupils, the fare was of the poorest, the beds were hard and narrow, the coverlets were thin, dormitories draughty and carpetless, everything bleak and bare. The children rose at unnatural hours in the cold dark mornings, and were sent to bed early to save fire and candle. It was a hard life, with scarcely a ray of sunshine. Some of the nuns were kind and some of the nuns were cross, just as women are outside convent-walls. There were no pleasures, there was very little to hope for; the nuns were too poor to afford pleasure for their pupils. Chapel and lessons, lessons and chapel; chapel twice a day, lessons all day long; that was the round of life. Half an hour's recreation now and then—just one brief half-hour of leisure and play, if the children had strength to play, after two long hours bending over books, puzzling over sums.

Rose bore her trials like a heroine. Kathleen fretted a good deal at first, and then when she grew older and stronger she became a little inclined to occasional outbreaks of rebellion. She had a sweet loving nature, and could be ruled easily by love—by threats or hard usage not at all. The nuns, happily, were fond of her, and petted her for her beauty and brightness and graceful ways. While dark proud Rose, earnest, thoughtful, laborious, plodded on at her studies, always obedient, always conscientious, Kathleen learnt by fits and starts, was sometimes attentive, sometimes neglectful, sometimes industrious to fever-point, sometimes incorrigibly idle. She had all the freaks of genius.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE EPWORTH CHILDREN.

Their Mother Was Wise Beyond the Age in Which She Lived.

Mrs. Susanna Wesley was very much in advance of her age in one particular and that was in waiting until her little ones were five years old before teaching them to read. Many babies in those days were taught the alphabet at two, and could read quite fluently at three, while of a noted Scotch divine his biographer tells that at three he had acquired the Greek as well as the English alphabet, and at five was wrestling with the Greek Testament. Nor was this considered precocious or singular, writes Margaret Sangster in Harper's Young People. So Mrs. Wesley displayed independence as well as discretion by waiting till the fifth birthday had come before her tiny men and women were brought into the school-room.

The way of teaching was this: The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine till twelve, or from two till five, which were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn all its letters, and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull; but the reason why I then thought them so was because the rest learned them so readily; and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old the 10th of February. The next day he began to learn, and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over till he could read it off-hand without any duration; so on with the second, till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did.

Easter fell late that year, and by Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory that I do not remember ever to have told him the same word twice. What was yet stranger, any word he had learned in his lesson he knew wherever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book; by which means he learned very soon to read an English author well.

The same method was observed with them all. As soon as they knew the letters they were first put to spell and read one line; then a verse; never leaving till they were perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school time, without any intermission; and before we left school each child read what he had learned that morning; and ere we parted in the afternoon, what he had learned that day.

The returns of the census of England and Wales show that the population increased from 26,000,000 in 1881 to 29,000,000 in 1891, or at the rate of only 11.54 per cent. This is the smallest ratio of increase in any decade since the beginning of the century, and it disappoints the expectations of all the statisticians who had been estimating the growth during the ten years, and who had calculated a population for 1891 larger by nearly 850,000 than the census actually found it

THE REPUBLICANS IN

ELECTION IN SEVERAL STATES FULL OF INTEREST.

The First District of Michigan and the Detroit Municipal Fight.—New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Iowa, Virginia, New Jersey, Kansas and Other States.

The First Congressional District.

The district which sent the late and lamented Hon. J. Logan Chipman to Congress for several terms had long been conceded to the Democrats. Nevertheless, when death took away the man who had served so long and so well the Republicans took fresh courage and worked with might and main to wrest the First district from their opponents. They named James H. Stone, for years internal revenue collector, to make the race and right royally did they support him. The Democrats were equally determined to retain their hold and selected as their leader Levi T. Griffin, a prominent lawyer and a strong candidate. The fight was a hot one and the victor deserved his laurels.

The complete returns from every voting precinct gave Griffin, Democrat a plurality of 1,187. The Republicans although defeated were satisfied to know that the usual plurality of from 5,000 to 15,000 had been cut so deeply.

Detroit Municipal Affairs.

Hon. H. S. Pingree, twice elected mayor of the state's metropolis again aspired to the chair. His methods of conducting the affairs of the municipality had won him many enemies in his own party and on the other hand had brought to his standard many Democrats. Thus with party lines partially eliminated the fight became one of men and not party; of principles and not politics. The Democratic leaders headed their city ticket with Marshal H. Godfrey, a sterling business man with friends on both sides and the campaign became the most torrid Detroit ever experienced. There was considerable mudslinging on both sides and the interest was kept up at fever heat until the last moment.

But when the returns came in there was rejoicing in the Republican camp. Mayor Pingree was re-elected (third term) by his old time rousing plurality of 5,774. Not only that, but the entire city ticket was Republican. Splendid fights were shown for two or three of the minor offices by the Democrats, but it was a landslide, and the pluralities were as follows: Mayor Pingree, 5,774; City Clerk Forster, 4,188; City Attorney, Rasch 3,512; City Treasurer, Littlefield, 4,973; Judge of the Recorder's Court Chapin, 961; Police Justice Sellers, 1,716; Justice of the Place Shindel, 2,549.

THE BATTLE ELSEWHERE.

Although an "Off" Year a Great Deal of Interest was Shown—In Ohio.

McKinley is all right. Such is the verdict of the people of the Buckeye state. The plurality is about 75,000. The battle was strictly on national issues and the campaign was the hotest the state had experienced since the civil war. The leading Democrats attribute their defeat to the reaction over the recent doings of congress. There was a vote of 800,000 polled, every voter in both parties turning out. Not only was McKinley re-elected governor, but at the very least two-thirds of both branches of the state legislature are now Republican, and all the state officers as well as many county officers were carried to victory along with the "man of destiny."

The Empire State.

It was a general surprise. It was one of the most peculiar campaigns in the history of the state and it is safe to say that the Democrat managers are not more surprised at the result than are the Republicans. The dominant issue in all portions of the state has been ring rule and the Republicans in New York City, Brooklyn, Albany and Buffalo have been greatly assisted by the organized efforts of independent Democrats. Isaac H. Maynard, the candidate on the Democrat ticket for judge of the court of appeals, against whom the independent Democrats waged war most bitter and unrelenting, has been surprisingly and overwhelmingly defeated. In New York City he ran 35,000 behind his ticket. In Brooklyn over 18,000 and in Erie county several thousand. Almost without exception the returns from every part of the state show that he was heavily scratched and the total plurality against Maynard is close on to 100,000. The entire state Republican ticket goes in. In New York City the Tammany ticket received majorities of about 65,000. Brooklyn was changed from Democratic hands to Republican by about 10,000.

Big Republican Gains in Chicago.

The election seems to be about a stand-off. The returns indicate that the Republicans elected the entire judicial ticket and the Democrats secured the county commissioners inside the city. The great fight has been over the election of Judge Gary, Republican, who presided at the trial of the anarchists. At the time Gov. Altgeld pardoned the anarchists he made a severe attack upon Gary, and the fight has been one of Gary against the state machine, with the result that Gary seems not only to have polled the full Republican strength, but to have drawn on the Democratic vote as well. In almost every precinct in the city and county he was from 5 to 10 per cent ahead of the balance of the ticket. The general result shows decisive Republican gains over the presidential election of a year ago.

Jerry Simpson and Kansas.

The Australian ballot system was used in Kansas for the first time and though there was some friction in localities, where the law was not thoroughly understood, on the whole the election passed off smoothly. The vote this year for various reasons is not nearly so large as in 1892. First reports, very meagre, give the Populists a substantial gain.

Kentucky.

Returns from almost every point show Democratic gains and an increase in the Democratic majority in the state legislature.

Massachusetts.

For the first time in three years the Bay state will have a Republican governor, and his plurality is 30,000 at the least. The whole ticket is elected with him and the legislature is solidly Republican in both branches. Candid Democrats had conceded the defeat of Gov. John F. Russell, their candidate for governor, by a small majority, while even the most sanguine Republicans would not claim over 15,000 for Greenhalge. The astonishing result is attributed to the present industrial depression, aided by the fact that Massachusetts is nominally a Republican state. The Republicans are so jubilant that they care very little about the cause. A very significant report was that from Greenfield, the birthplace of Hon. John F. Russell, the Democratic candidate where from a Democrat plurality of 12 last years Greenhalge got a plurality of 132.

New Jersey Riots.

All was not peaceful in New Jersey. In fact at Camden there were serious fracases and about 500 deputy sheriffs and 500 special police were sworn in; the state troops were kept in the armory in case of an emergency, many people were badly injured. Three men were shot in the head, one man and one woman had their throats cut and another man was badly cut in the abdomen. Camden was in the hands of a gang of thuds and repeaters. Many deputy sheriff were stopped on the streets and had their weapons taken from them. The returns were slow in coming in and for time it looked bright for both parties, but the fight against the racetracks and gambling threw the balance on the Republican side.

Boies Turned Down in Iowa.

Election was quiet in Iowa notwithstanding that the battle was a fierce one. Democrats were positive of their ability to return Gov. Boies to the chief executive's chair for another term. Republicans were equally positive that Jackson could be elected, and they were right. The Republicans name the governor by about 25,000 plurality. The legislature will also be strongly Republican.

Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia elects all Republicans, as did Pittsburg and other prominent cities. There were only some minor state offices to be filled, but the Republicans gobbled the whole business.

Virginia.

The Democratic state ticket was elected by a large majority, and they will have more than two-thirds majority in the legislature. Many Negroes voted the Democratic ticket.

25 SAILORS DROWNED.

Propellers Philadelphia and Albany Collide in a Fog and Soon Sink.

The propeller Albany, of the Western Transit Co., loaded with grain, and the propeller Philadelphia, of the Anchor line, loaded with coal and general merchandise, collided off Point Aux Barques, Lake Huron, in a dense fog and sank in 200 feet of water. The captains of both boats, with 20 men, got ashore.

The Philadelphia struck the Albany head on, forward of No. 2 gangway. All hands got on the Philadelphia, which towed the Albany half an hour, when the latter sank. The Philadelphia went down 30 minutes after. The crews left in two boats. The yawl containing 25 men of the two crews of the capsized, and all were lost. Eleven bodies have been found by the life saving crew at Point Aux Barques.

The Albany left Chicago for Buffalo and had on board 250 barrels of flour, 17,000 bushels of corn and 75,000 bushels of oats; the cargo was probably heavily insured, but the boat was not. The Philadelphia was bound from Buffalo to Duluth and was loaded with coal and a miscellaneous cargo; both cargo and boat insured.

The Albany was one of the first steel steamers built in Wyandotte. She was of 1,917 tons burden, was valued at $165,000, belonging to the Western Transportation company line and was put out in 1884. The Philadelphia was one of the old-time iron steamboats, and up to the advent of the big steel freighters was a first-class money-maker. She was of 1,463 tons, built in 1867 at Buffalo by David Bell and was valued at $80,000. She was the property of the Anchor line.

Dastardly Deed of Tramps.

While L. W. Stratton, an employe of the F. & P. M., was putting up switch lights near Gale station, on the Port Huron division, two men assaulted him, one snatching his lantern and striking him a terrific blow on the head, while the other slashed him on the forehead with a knife. They tried to get the keys of the switch, but were frightened away. Then they fled to the station, where after fixing the lantern so a red light would show, they vainly endeavored to turn the switch to wreck the first train, but were not successful.

Eighteen Lives Lost in a Boat Fire.

By the burning of the steamer Frazer on Lake Nipissing 18 persons lost their lives. The disaster occurred near Goose Island and in spite of the most strenuous efforts to save life the above number perished. Lake Nipissing is situated northeast of Lake Huron in Ontario, nearly midway between it and the Ottawa river. The steamer was in regular service on the lake.

Cincinnati Artist Suicides.

Louis C. Lutz, one of the most prominent artists of Cincinnati, O., was found dying in his room from the effects of morphine taken with suicidal intent. He was ill from the effects of a fall and had become despondent although his future was very bright he having won an envied name. He was past help when discovered by his financee, Mrs. M. C. McNamara.

Aged, Well-Known Lady Killed.

Mrs. J. L. Luce, of Parma, was struck by a Michigan Central train and instantly killed. The accident occurred at a crossing one mile east of the village. Mrs. Luce was 80 years of age and mother of well-known citizens of that county.

Capt. John Robertson, inspector of hulls for the district of Huron, has been notified that he will soon be superseded by a Democrat. Capt. Frank Danger, of Port Huron, and a well-known and popular lake captain, will be his successor.